

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

The Editor would be glad to receive articles of from 3,000 to 5,000 words, or serial papers of greater length, for publication on the first of each month, and written exclusively for this National Tribune. The subjects submitted should be of interest to the veterans in general, and should be treated with special regard to the expression of opinion. The articles on the behavior of some particular regiment or brigade on some field where it distinguished itself, in some campaign in which it took a prominent part, in some place where it acted defensively or offensively, reminiscences of prison life, the march or the camp, personal adventures, all such are solicited, will receive due consideration, and if available will be early inserted.

ON THE SECOND DAY.

The 141st Pa. in the Gettysburg Battle—A Loss of Over 75 Per Cent.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I lately read Comrade H. D. O'Brien's graphic narrative of the 1st Minn. at Gettysburg, as published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of Dec. 7. It set my nerves to tingling anew, and brought fresh to my mind the ordeal through which my regiment passed on that ever-memorable 2d of July, 1863.

We yield the terrible palm of per cent. of loss at Gettysburg to the 1st Minn. No survivor of the 1st Minn. was taken to the rear. The 82 per cent. loss of the 1st Minn. at Gettysburg is closely followed by a 75-70 per cent. loss by the 141st Pa.

Comrade O'Brien gives the strength of the 1st Minn. after the battle as about 100 men. Not so strong was the 141st Pa. This regiment took the field in August, 1862, with 35 officers and 911 enlisted men. According to Col. Fox the 141st Pa. lost at Chancellorsville 50 per cent. This, with the other heavy loss, together with the ordinary casualties of camp life and smaller engagements, reduced the number till, after all on detached duty, had joined the regiment, there were only 55 men after Gettysburg to follow on after the retreating foe.

We narrate the above fact with a pang of sadness. Even yet the heart aches for the brave and patriotically resolved. The writer's life was made here and unsuccessful by the terrible loss of that battle.

The 141st Pa. was raised in Bradford County, rendezvoused at Harrisburg, and in less than one week moved forward to the seat of war. The regiment soon became a part of the First Division, First Corps, Third Corps, Gen. Sickles commanding.

We will skip the history of the regiment from Aug. 29, 1862, the day they reached Washington, to June 30, 1863. On this day, after long and weary marching and counter-marching, the regiment camped about midway between the two armies, and was ordered to the front.

The weather was hot and sultry. In the forenoon of July 1 there was a heavy thunder-shower, after which the air was clear and the sun beat down with sweltering heat.

In the afternoon our line marched up through Emmitsburg. Part of our way was through dense second-growth timber, that so excluded the air and concentrated the sun's rays that not a few were overcome by heat stroke. One loyal woman, at her home, did good service by filling the passing soldiers' cups with coffee.

A cup of her coffee and a word of sympathy from a sun-stricken man, and many others will remember that woman with gratitude.

Passing Emmitsburg at 6 p. m., we halted, but soon pressed forward. At late dusk the 141st Pa., of Graham's Brigade, took position among the rocks and brush near the base of Round Top. Many boys will remember incidents of that day's march. The road was lined with fleeing citizens. Every conceivable vehicle had been pressed into service and filled with women, children, and baggage, and was jolting along by the side of the road. The troops, in the center—battering from the scene of the first day's fight. The women—some in tears, wringing their hands—lamented we were too late, telling us the Union army was already whipped; while others, waving their handkerchiefs, cheered us on with "God bless you!"

The night of the 1st was passed without incident, save expectation of the morrow. At early dawn we drank our coffee in F. C. and L. It was always noticeable to me that just preceding a battle, old friends and strangers were dropped and a feeling of sympathy pervaded every breast.

All were conscious of the magnitude of the struggle before them. The last lines had been written and mailed, and we waited, momentarily expecting the ominous silence to be broken by the boom of cannon.

The day advanced and the sun grew hot. The Third Corps took position. The first position of the 141st was in a depression in the open field in rear of the Peach Orchard. Here, with cannon in front, right, and partially in the rear of us, we hugged mother earth, as shot and shell screamed over, and the missiles from many Confederate cannon, whose fire was concentrated on the Peach Orchard, buried their angry fragments at our feet.

We were in comparative safety, though that was not long to be. The line was in communication. Many batteries to the front! One came from somewhere, with horses spurred to a run, and wheeled into position in the eastern part of the Orchard.

"Attention! Forward!" and the 141st advanced to the support of the battery, with right resting in the Peach Orchard. The enemy were playing hot and heavy, and the men were falling. Volunteers were called for, and members of the 141st helped to man the guns in the Orchard, and also a battery on the Emmitsburg road.

At this time we had a fine view of the left of our line, and saw the advancing and receding lines of the blue and gray as they struggled for the mastery at our left. Over that rugged ground we watched the surging lines, and could see the telling effect of volley after volley. It was awful, for it was so very near that the smoke pointed right at us! We named her "The Arkansas Traveler."

The story told by shipmates aboard the Carondelet was that the Arkansas ran the Carondelet on a bar. The officer in command of the Arkansas called to the Carondelet and said: "If you want the flag pulled down, come aboard and do it yourself."

The same voice that gave the order from the Arkansas said: "Let the flag wave, Captain; we have not the time to spare to pull it down; good-bye, Captain!" and away went the Arkansas after the Tyler, leaving the Carondelet on the bar. I cannot vouch for the truth of the conversation between the ram and gunboat, but I believe it to be true. The Arkansas was our enemy, but we respected the valor of its crew in running the blockade through so large a fleet. If I remember rightly, the entire ram, gunboat, and mortar fleet, under Commodore C. H. Davis (successor of Commodore Foote), was lying between the Yazoo and Vicksburg, and a number of vessels belonging to Farragut had joined us, making a goodly array of battleships.

Shipmate Simmons, the day has long since passed by for exaggerated statements of our valor and our opponents' cowardice. Let justice reign supreme, giving merit to whom merit is due.—JAMES C. AGNEW, Mississippi Flotilla, Ironton, O.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from neuralgia, rheumatism, or weakness, will write to me I will send him full particulars of a genuine certain cure. Will also furnish remedies cheaper than they can be put up by drug stores on prescription. No humbug. No deception. Dr. Thomas Barnes, Lock Box 555, Marshall, Mich.

GUNNING FOR MORGAN.

A Night of Trepidation for Some Ohio National Guard Boys.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In reading your paper of June 7 I became very much interested in the article about the Morgan raid, as it brought back memories of the days of my boyhood's excitement.

At that time I was serving an apprenticeship to a master, assisting him in the service of my country in turning the rolls necessary for the production of the sheathing of the sides of the gunboats and also the turret plates for the Mississippi squadron.

Almost every workman employed was sworn into the National Guard service for five years, but none of them were compelled to do service away from home, unless on account of the many cases of the bushwhackers who terrorized that section of the country, the principal ones being Kirby Smith, Jenkins, and Morgan.

Many of the workmen on the sheathing of the gunboats belonged to the 20th battalion, National Guards of Ohio. The close of the war the battalion was ordered to Charleston, W. Va., to take charge of the Government stores there. The Regulars being thus relieved were sent to the front, and it is said that whilst there Co. C so hated the sympathizers there that they made it extremely warm for them, and were glad to see them leave the town as they were the rich men people when the war closed.

In reading the description of the raid it brought back to my mind the excitement of the days as the news came of the progress of Morgan's raid, as he traveled northward through Indiana and Ohio, as he drew near to our town, Portsmouth, it was expected he would attempt to cross on the Scioto bar, where there was only about 18 inches' depth of water. Everybody was at a fever heat, but cooled somewhat on the arrival of about 100 light-armed Ohio River gunboats, which anchored in front of the town, and a number of transports carrying Hanson's Corps, and then there appeared Judah's cavalry later in the day, who, after being fed by the citizens in their saddles, started out northward, as we supposed, to intercept Morgan's men.

About supper time our battalion was ordered out to march northward and assist in intercepting Morgan's command. After having tramped in that direction about 12 miles we were halted for the night, and having nothing but blankets to protect us, took to the thicket of bushes which intervened between the Columbus pike and a creek which ran parallel with it.

Another company was camped across the creek on an elevation of about 200 feet above us, and one other company each were stationed as an advance and rear-guard. The company on the elevation was composed of young fellows accustomed to hot stove work and fine grub, while we fellows on the level were iron-workers and used to substantial food.

We had gone into camp for the night awfully hungry, in the excitement to fall in many had not waited for a square meal, and now would eat anything if it could be found. But as our company would be exposed to annihilation from Morgan if surprised, we were put under the greatest discipline by our officers, and no one would have known that we were anything but pawpaws in those bushes. The company on the rise would have been a good target for the bushwhackers, for they had large fires burning at this time for purposes we did not know, but for what we found out, and adopted their ideas later.

Well, we were doing our best to get a nap when we were disturbed by the picket, and soon after the bugle-call to fall in. At the same time there came the tramp, tramp of horses' hoofs as they clanged on the boards of a bridge which crossed the creek about a quarter of a mile below, and excitement was running high among Co. C, for we were completely in the power of the raiders, who we believed must exterminate every man of us if we did not exterminate them.

It was moonlight, but it shone with a shadow, on account of the heavy timber which was around the surrounding country, and we could not see the enemy, but could see the column before they were nearly upon us. But we were ordered to form a line across the pike from a fence on one side to a creek on the other, which was supposed to be a deep, and to stay there and stop the enemy.

The line was too good; some places it must have been a dozen thick, at others only one man front. As the column drew near we were ordered to aim, but not to fire until told. The wait was only a minute or so, but it seemed about an hour.

Fortunate for all, we did not fire, for it was found to be the rear of Judah's cavalry, who had, as I said before, taken a northern direction, but had to change their route on account of farmers having cut down large trees across the path to prevent Morgan from coming in their direction.

It was under the greenies of Co. C that we fired on them. The members of Co. C turned into the bushes the fellows on the elevation sent out several of their number into a farmer's chicken coop, and it is said, paid for a big lot of what they carried away from there.

Those fellows got so scared that they dropped their chickens into the creek and took to their heels up the steep hill. At the same time some of Co. C went for the creek also, and were not particular, either, of finding a shadow in the timber to get over.

When the alarm was over the fellows hid down the hill quickly, to be in line before being dismissed again, and in crossing the creek discovered the chickens, gobbled them up before the other fellows returned, and brought them into camp.

Judah's cavalry had not gone out that road more than half an hour when they returned and announced they could not get into the country where Morgan would pass on account of obstruction of trees. So knowing we were in no danger whatever in camping there, and under representations to the commandant officers that we were nearly frozen with the night air, got his permission to build a bonfire in the middle of the road, where we cooked the captured chickens on the points of our bayonets.—JOSEPH HALL, Wheeling, W. Va.

NOTHING TO LAUGH AT. The Ram Arkansas and Her Dash Through the Fleet at Vicksburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: My recollection of the ram Arkansas is somewhat different from the story told in the issue of June 14. I was very, very close to the mouth of the Yazoo when the "Arkansas Traveler" passed by. I remember that the ironclad gunboat Carondelet, in company with the wooden boat Tyler, went up the Yazoo River on special business. Some hours we heard the booming of cannon, away off in the distance. Every few minutes the booming sounded nearer. After a time we saw the Tyler, under full headway, sweep out of the mouth of the Yazoo.

Farragut and Davis' fleet lay between the Arkansas and the Tyler. The Tyler was in such a hurry to get away from danger that she turned up stream, under a full head of steam, for God's country. The Tyler had hardly made the turn when the Arkansas came in sight, steadily firing at the Tyler. The Arkansas kept on her course, and the Tyler was forced to turn away from the Mississippi River, and then turned down stream, going directly through the fleet to Vicksburg.

I do not remember that there was a single gun fired from any boat in the fleet until the Arkansas passed by and was out of danger. The whole of our fleet was taken by surprise, and did not realize the coming of the stranger until she was gone. As she passed through the fleet her cannon roared from each of her sides, making that awful, horrid boom! boom! It was awful, for it was so very near that the smoke pointed right at us! We named her "The Arkansas Traveler."

The story told by shipmates aboard the Carondelet was that the Arkansas ran the Carondelet on a bar. The officer in command of the Arkansas called to the Carondelet and said: "If you want the flag pulled down, come aboard and do it yourself."

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Blue-Jackets' Yarns. Wm. Simmons, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "A recent communication in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, signed 'Blue-Jackets,' suggests the propriety of the Navy being heard from occasionally, and I am really surprised that we do not hear more frequently from the gallant survivors of our victorious squadrons. The extreme modesty of our people is evidently the only satisfactory explanation."

Writing up naval sketches could be made exceedingly interesting, and I hope some of our gallant blue-jackets will take the hint and pitch in. The possibility of being contradicted by some one who was not there should not discourage us from placing our record on record, and the numerous victories achieved through our instrumentality.

Let us hear from you, shipmates. I want to meet you all at Pittsburgh next September and splice the brass in memory of old times.

Why Don't They Write? A. J. Berquist, Co. H, 102d Ill., 224 North Cedar street, Galesburg, Ill.; James M. Hendricks, Fire Major, 64th Ill., Ames, Ill.; and F. R. Brown, 24th Ind. Lake, Ind., wish the comrades of their regiments would write often.

Songs and Poems. Peter Smith, California, Pa., wants the poem "What Did the Private Do?" C. W. Aldrich, Crystal Valley, Mich., wants the same.

C. S. Rossell, Co. D, 11th Vt., Dakota City, Iowa, wants the song beginning "They sleep in the South on a hundred fields."

Taken From the Devil's Den. S. K. Eiche, Co. E, 155th Pa., Dunbar, Pa., says that at the battle of Gettysburg he was in the stretcher corps of the 155th. They occupied Little Round Top after Pickett's famous charge and the rebels had fallen back. There was still firing kept up from the rebel side, the shots coming from Devil's Den; a great many of our men were being shot from that place.

I made the remark to Andrew J. Edinger and Jake Lefever, my tent-mates, that I would like to capture and capture the Devil at the three big rocks. The boys remarked, sarcastically, that I would say—capturing anyone; but I left them and went down to the right of our regiment, which was on the right of our brigade, and up the ravine in the direction of the three big rocks.

When I got down to the bottom, taking gun and cartridge-box from a dead rebel on the side of a hill, when I heard footsteps. There were two Johnnies coming toward me. But in a moment I saw they were unarmed, and that one of our men had beaten me in the run to the place and captured them a few minutes before I got there.

He asked where I was going. I told him to capture those Johnnies in the rocks, as they were playing thunder on Little Round Top. He said: "I have got them; take them in, as I want to catch up to the skirmish-line."

The men to the headquarters of the 155th Pa., and turned them over to Maj. Montooth. I passed the boys who made the remark about my capturing the rebels. I heard one say: "Gad, he has got them."

Now, if the comrade is living who turned the prisoners over to me at the Devil's Den, I would like to hear from him, and the two Johnnies, if living.

A Plea for Justice. Wm. Mackey, Pleasanton, Kan., noticed recently that a bill had been introduced into Congress giving a pension of \$100 per month to some General's widow, and increasing the pension of some other General's widow to the same.

It is not claimed," says he, "that these women have any personal merit. The only merit is that they had the good fortune to have as husbands men who while in the service of their country earned and received large salaries. These \$300 per month would make 25¢ a soldier's widow more comfortable. These veterans would teach their children that it was honorable to have been a soldier, and that a grateful country remembered them in their declining years."

Then, why should these women be 125 cents more deserving than the old soldier? Or, rather, why should they be deserving and the soldier not?

A Young 'Un. Bernard Brady, Washington, D. C., enlisted as a drummer-boy on Oct. 17, 1862, at Portsmouth, Va., in Co. C, 58th Pa., at the age of 12. He was discharged Oct. 24, 1865. He re-enlisted Jan. 22, 1866, and was assigned to Co. D, 12th Ind., at Fort Hancock, N. J. He served actively in Co. D, 12th Ind., at Fort Saunders, Wyo. He enlisted in Co. I, 4th U. S., Oct. 16, 1869, and was discharged on account of wounds received in line of duty.

He would like to hear from any one of his comrades who got there. He was struck over the head with a gun or pistol, from which he died.—W. L. DE MUXBRUN, Co. E, 11th Ky., Pastor U. M. Church, Joslyn, Ind.

A CRITICISM. Comrade Boring Thinks Gen. Sherman Showed Bad Generalship When Fighting Hood.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I am going to offer a criticism on a General who ranks second in history and popular opinion among the great commanders of the Civil War. I regard him as a General who is regarded by some in some respects as his peer.

I do so partly to give vent to my convictions, and partly to seek information, through the hope that some well-informed comrade will reply to my statements, and thus enlighten me.

I claim that the battles of Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, and Ezra Church, fought respectively on the 20th, 22d, and 28th of July, 1864, in which Gen. Sherman, with a well-equipped, well-disciplined, and powerful army of nearly 100,000, permitted Hood to withdraw from his front on the night of July 19, and move his army around Sherman's right, and the next day attack him square in rear of his left wing, then duplicate the action on the night of the 21st on his left, and assault the rear of his left wing on the 22d with still greater damage, and the loss of one of the finest men and best Generals in the Federal army, who rode, unattended by staff or body-guard, directly into the enemy's ranks, receiving his body full of rebel bullets, was all very bad generalship on our side. Sherman, with all his cavalry, scouts and pickets, should have known where his enemy was, and been prepared to face him and give Hood a disastrous open field fight, instead of having his wings clipped as they were and allowing his foe each time to return to his fortifications in Atlanta.

But Hood's third flank movement was only baffled on the 28th by accident, as Gen. Logan happened to be moving the Fifteenth Corps to the right and accidentally met the flanking force getting to the rear of Sherman's right wing the second time. But Logan and his corps were equal to the emergency, and Hood was forced back into Atlanta the third time, but leaving a large per cent. of his army lying in silent ranks upon the field of Ezra Church.

I claim that thousands of brave men sleep the long sleep upon these three battlefields, or have their names engraved upon the pension rolls, through the bad management or carelessness of Gen. Sherman and his officers. One flank movement from Hood, or the battle of Peach Tree Creek, was enough. The other two never should have been fought as they were not needed as they did.

Gen. E. B. Boring, Co. D, 30th Ill., Terre Haute, Ind.

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is one of the most powerful blood medicines in existence, and will cure all diseases arising from impure blood. Write to Dr. Peter, Can. only be had of local Vitalizer agents.

THEIR RECORDS.

Brief Sketches of the Services of Various Regiments.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has in hand several hundred requests for regimental histories. All such requests will be accepted in due time, although those now received cannot be published for the moment. The number of offices and the space, numerous sketches have already been published, and these none can be found from a second time.

The 19th Mass. This regiment was organized at Lynnfield, Mass., Aug. 28, 1861, the nucleus being the 1st Battalion of Rifles. On the expiration of its term the non-veterans were mustered out, and the organization of the company of veterans and recruits, remained in service until the latter part of June, 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War Department. In September, 1861, it was assigned to the brigade composed of the 20th Mass., 7th Mich., and a company of Massachusetts militia, and was commanded by Gen. Lander. On the wounding of Gen. Lander the command devolved upon Col. Edward Hincks, the Colonel of the 19th, and in November, 1862, he was commissioned Brigadier-General. He was succeeded in command of the regiment by Col. Arthur F. Dwyer. The regiment suffered severely at Malvern Hill, losing 19 killed and a large number in wounded and missing; at Fredericksburg, losing 105 in killed, wounded and missing, and at Antietam, where eight were killed, 108 wounded and a large number of men were missing. At Gettysburg, while in Gibbon's Division, it lost 17 out of 141 engaged, or over 12 per cent. Among the other battles in which it was engaged and lost heavily were Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Wilderness, and Deep Bottom. The number of deaths in the regiment was 294.

The 13th Wis. The regiment was organized at Camp Tredway, Janesville, Wis., from October 3, 1861, to serve for the term of three years. It left the State in Feb., 1862, on command of Col. Maurice Maloney, who was an officer of the Regular Army, was discharged Aug. 1, 1862, that he might join his old command. Wm. P. Lyon was commissioned Colonel upon the receipt of the colors, and commanded the regiment until Sept. 11, 1865. He was brevetted Brigadier-General Oct. 25, 1865. During the early part of its service the regiment was engaged in garrison duty around Fort Donelson, and afterward at Stevenson, Ala. Upon returning from the latter place, it was assigned to the First Brigade, Fourth Division, Third Corps. During most of its service this regiment was engaged in guarding supplies and posts, in patrolling railroads and holding important positions, and was not engaged in any important battle. The total enrollment was 1,301. Five were killed in action and 188 died of disease and other causes.

The 43d Wis. The regiment was recruited by Col. Cobb, formerly of the 5th Wis., during the Fall of 1864, and was organized at Milwaukee, Wis. It left the State Oct. 10, 1864, under the command of Col. Amasa Cobb, going to Nashville, Tenn. It soon after went to Jacksonville, Fla., where it was engaged in the service until the early part of 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War Department. It was the original members of the regiment, composed of veterans and recruits, retained in the service until the early part of 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War Department. It was the original members of the regiment, composed of veterans and recruits, retained in the service until the early part of 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War Department.

The 5th N. Y. Battery, L. A. This battery was recruited principally around the City of New York, and was intended to form part of the Excelsior Brigade. It was organized in New York City, Nov. 8, 1861, to serve three years. On the expiration of its term the original members except veterans, were mustered out, and the organization, composed of veterans and recruits, retained in the service until the early part of 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War Department. It was the original members of the regiment, composed of veterans and recruits, retained in the service until the early part of 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War Department.

The 1st Ind. Cav. (28th Ind.) Eight companies of this regiment were organized at Evansville, Ind., Aug. 20, 1861, to serve for the term of three years. Later in the year two companies of cavalry—Capt. Stewart's and Capt. Bracken's independent companies—were assigned to this regiment, forming I and K. During November, 1862, two more companies, composed of drafted men, were assigned to the regiment. These companies were mustered out in 1863. The original members, except veterans, of the eight companies, composing the old regiment were mustered out in September, 1864, by reason of expiration of terms. The veterans and recruits were consolidated into a battalion of two companies, which remained in service until the end of 1865, when it was mustered out. The members of Cos. I and K were mustered out on July 3, 1864, and June 19, 1864, respectively, and the veterans of these organizations formed a detachment which remained in the service until May 31, 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War Department. The regiment entered the field, remained with the organization until Sept. 12, 1864, when he was mustered out by reason of expiration of term. Maj. Mark McCauley was in charge of the battalion of the 1st Ind. Cav. when mustered out. The regiment participated in the battles of Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, and many other battles. The loss by death in the service was 187 officers and men. Four officers and 32 men were killed in action and died of wounds received there, and the remainder died from other causes.

REQUESTS JUST ENOUGH. But It Would Be a Bad Plan to Present Them as Proposed.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: "Veteran," in a recent issue, under the caption "What is Wanted," outlined such requests for Congressional legislation as he proposed each soldier should send a copy of to his Representative.

So far as the requests for legislation are concerned, we well know them to be right and just to every pensioner, or one who may be entitled to a pension; but to send such requests to our Congressmen will be a big piece of foolery. All such requests are buried in the waste-basket without one tear of love or respect for the same.

No. Let the National Grand Army Pension Committee take hold of it in an earnest and business-like form, and as a committee in full support of the National Grand Army Pension Committee and urge the attention to

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Now, if the comrade is living who turned the prisoners over to me at the Devil's Den, I would like to hear from him, and the two Johnnies, if living.

A Plea for Justice. Wm. Mackey, Pleasanton, Kan., noticed recently that a bill had been introduced into Congress giving a pension of \$100 per month to some General's widow, and increasing the pension of some other General's widow to the same.

It is not claimed," says he, "that these women have any personal merit. The only merit is that they had the good fortune to have as husbands men who while in the service of their country earned and received large salaries. These \$300 per month would make 25¢ a soldier's widow more comfortable. These veterans would teach their children that it was honorable to have been a soldier, and that a grateful country remembered them in their declining years."

Then, why should these women be 125 cents more deserving than the old soldier? Or, rather, why should they be deserving and the soldier not?

A Young 'Un. Bernard Brady, Washington, D. C., enlisted as a drummer-boy on Oct. 17, 1862, at Portsmouth, Va., in Co. C, 58th Pa., at the age of 12. He was discharged Oct. 24, 1865. He re-enlisted Jan. 22, 1866, and was assigned to Co. D, 12th Ind., at Fort Hancock, N. J. He served actively in Co. D, 12th Ind., at Fort Saunders, Wyo. He enlisted in Co. I, 4th U. S., Oct. 16, 1869, and was discharged on account of wounds received in line of duty.

He would like to hear from any one of his comrades who got there. He was struck over the head with a gun or pistol, from which he died.—W. L. DE MUXBRUN, Co.